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MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis

Darick Robertson

The BOYS

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TEN



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The BOYS™

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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WELL.

YOU'VE
BEEN A BIG HELP.
VERY ENLIGHTENIN'.
WE CAN FIND OUR
OWN WAY OUT, BUT
YOU KNOW THAT
ALREADY, DON'T
YOU?



SO,
UH, THANKS
AGAIN.

FUCKMONGER.



IT'S TEK-
KNIGHT...

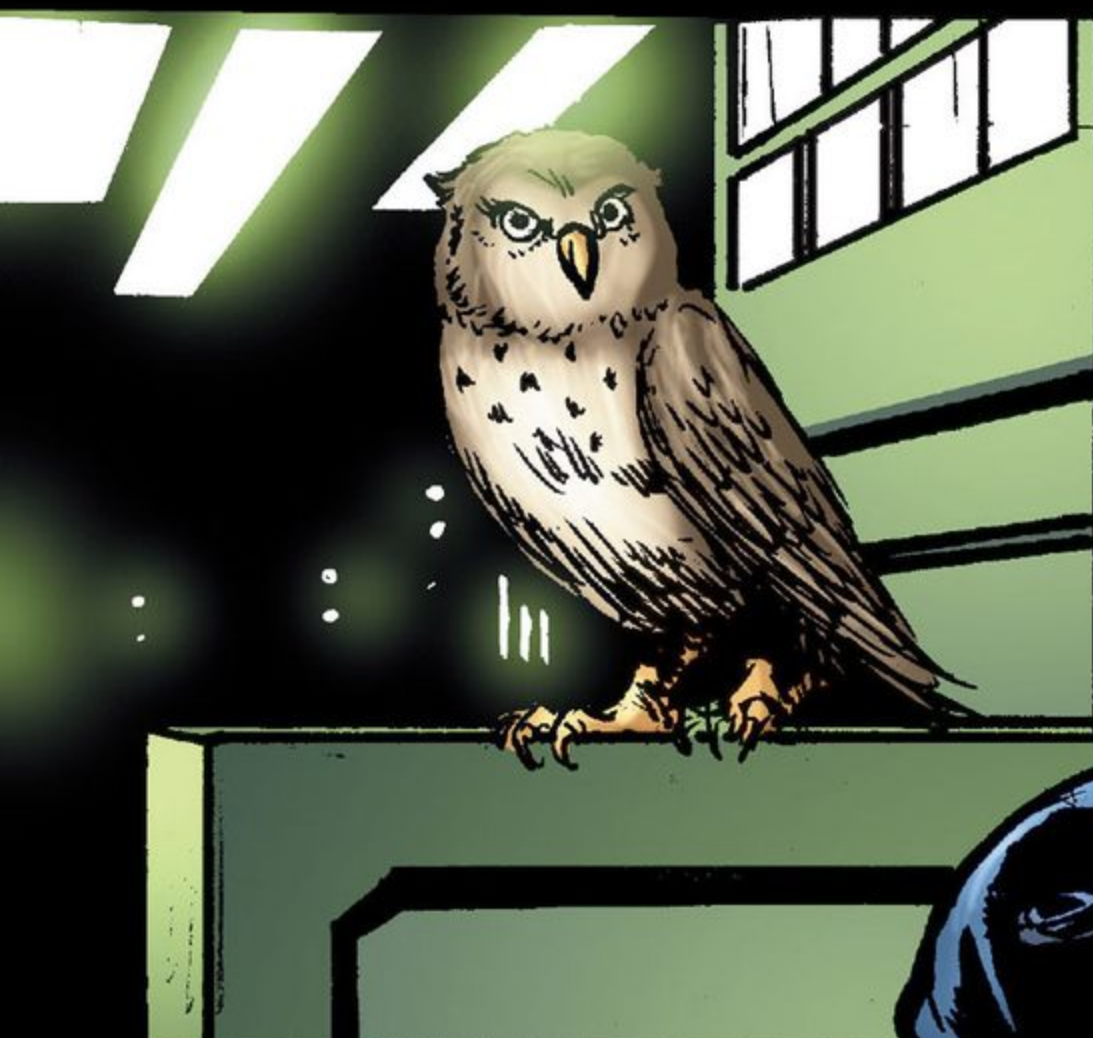
NEW YORK POST
METRO EDITION
OMO HERO
Millionaire Socialite
...to be



I'M
SUPPOSED TO
BE THE TEK-
KNIGHT.

AREN'T
I?

WOOO



OH,
SHIT--





SO HIM AN' SWINGWING, THEY HAVE THIS THREESOME WITH THE TALON, AN' AFTERWARDS THEY FALL OUT OVER HER AN' THEY'VE BEEN AT DAGGERS DRAWN EVER SINCE...

AN' THEN...

THEN...

FUCK, I DUNNO. I AM ABSOLUTELY BLOODY STUMPED ON THIS ONE, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'.



I MEAN IT MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY TEK-KNIGHT'S STARTED RIDIN' THE ARSE OFF EVERYTHING HE CAN GET HIS HANDS ON, BUT I DON'T THINK BEIN' AT ONE END OF A SPIT-ROAST'S ENOUGH TO DO THAT TO YOU...

DOESN'T MATTER.

AN' I SUPPOSE IT PROVES SWINGWING'S NOT--WELL, NOT COMPLETELY BENT, BUT THAT DOESN'T FIT WITH HIM PISSIN' ABOUT WITH THE RUBENSTEIN LAD...

DOESN'T MATTER.



LOOK...PEOPLE LOVE TO BRAND PARTICULAR PEOPLE GAY--THAT GUY'S SO OBVIOUSLY GAY, HE SHOULD JUST ADMIT IT AN' MOVE ON, BLAH-BLAH-BLAH, WHATEVER. BUT ALL THEY'RE TRYNNNA DO'S LOOK SMARTER'N THEY ACTUALLY ARE, IT'S NOT *REALLY* ANYMORE INTELLIGENT THAN WEE KIDS CALLIN' EACH OTHER FRUITS IN THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.

AN' THAT'S WHAT *WE'VE* DONE WI' SWINGWING. WE'RE SO BUSY TRYNNNA WORK OUT WHETHER HE'S INTO GIRLS OR BOYS, WE HAVEN'T STOPPED TO CONSIDER WHETHER IT'S GOT *ANYTHIN'* AT ALL TO DO WI' HIS *MOTIVE*...



WE DID
THE SAME WI' TEK-
KNIGHT, TOO. WE SAW
THAT HEADLINE AN'
WE THOUGHT, RIGHT,
THAT EXPLAINS
EVERYTHIN'...

YEAH, BUT
NO ONE WOULD'VE
GUESSED WHAT THAT
WAS REALLY ALL
ABOUT IN A MILLION
FUCKIN' YEARS,
HUGHIE.



YOU SAID
MOTIVE.

SO YOU
THINK SWINGWING
KILLED STEPHEN
RUBENSTEIN.



I...

I THINK
IT'S TIME WE
FINALLY MET
THE CUNT.



NOT
A PROBLEM, NOW
WE'VE GOT HIS BLOODY
ADDRESS AT LONG
LAST.

GIVE US
A LOOK?



GAME
AFOOT, IS
IT?

AYE,
IT IS.



GET SOME
conclusion



WHO ARE YOU--

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY APARTMENT?

WHAT HAPPENED W/ YOU AN' STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN?

I ASKED WHO YOU ARE.

ARE YOU THE POLICE? BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME I.D. RIGHT AWAY.

FUCK, HE'S A COOL ONE, ISN'T HE, HUGHIE?

THE OL' TEK-KNIGHT, HE WENT TO BLOODY BITS ON THE SPOT, BLABBED EVERYTHING HE KNEW--BUT NOT THIS BLOKE...

STEPHEN KNEW WHERE YOU CHANGE OUTTA YOUR SUIT AFTER THE COMMUNITY MEETINGS. EITHER HE WAS WAITIN' FOR YOU THERE OR HE FOLLOWED YOU BACK HERE: WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

I HAVE NO IDEA WHO STEPHEN IS, OR ABOUT THOSE OTHER NAMES YOU MENTIONED--IF THEY ARE NAMES. NOW EITHER SHOW ME SOME I.D. OR LEAVE, BECAUSE I'M ABOUT TO CALL--

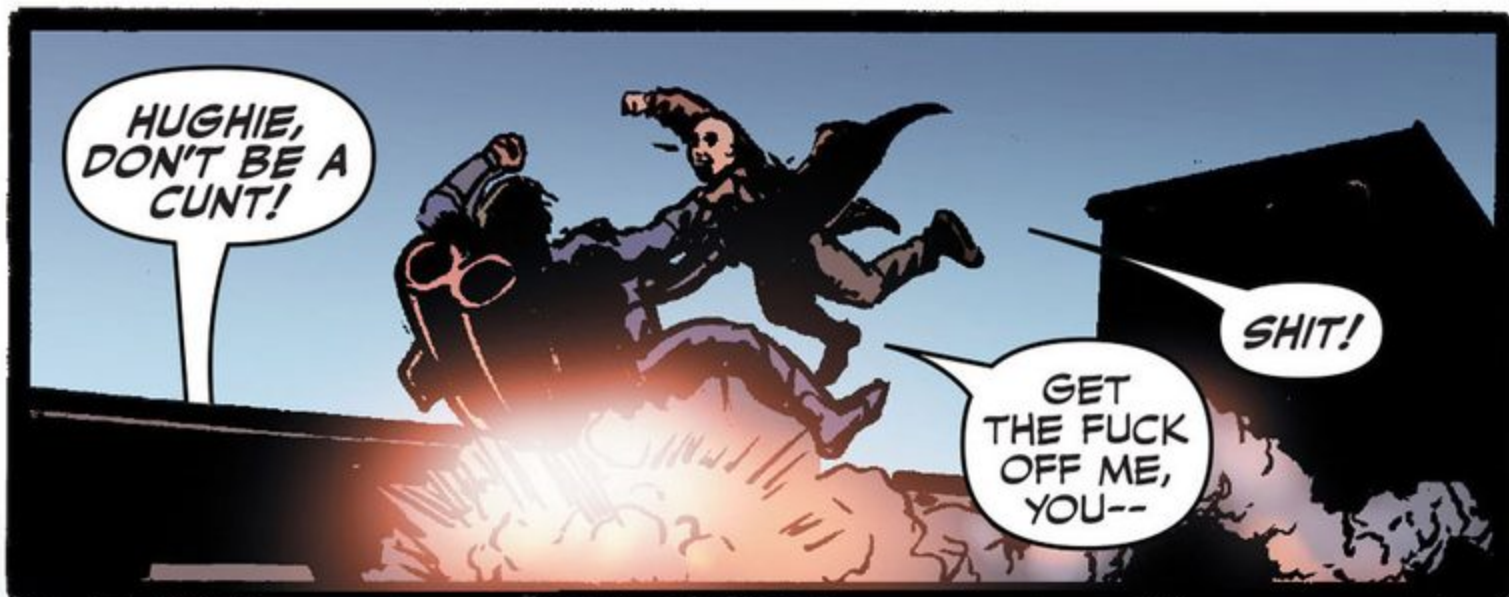
LISTEN, YOU BASTARD--!



SIX MONTHS AGO, THAT BOY WAS FOUND LYIN' DEAD ON THE FUCKIN' STREET. D'YOU KNOW THE LOOK HE HAD ON HIS FACE? MISERY. NOT PANIC--NOT FEAR--**MISERY.**

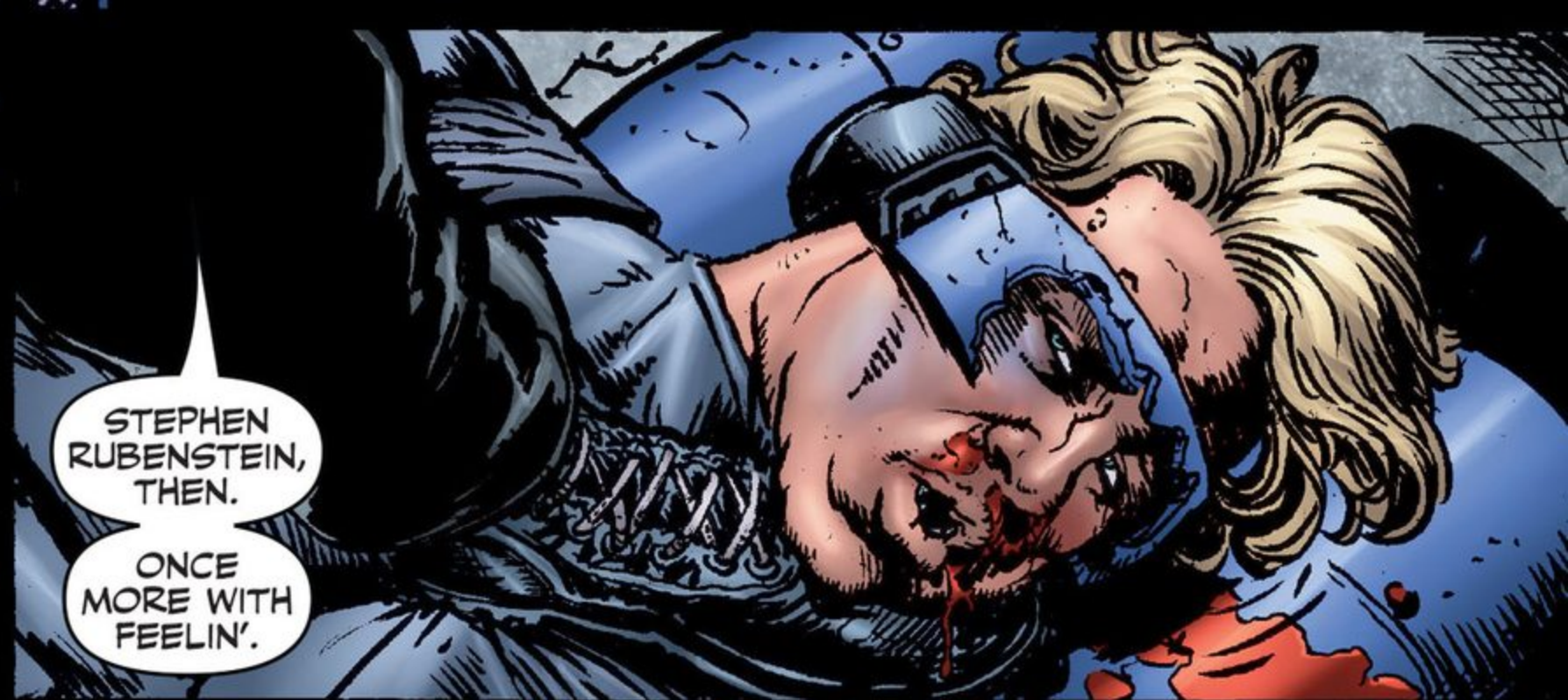
NOW YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, OR I PROMISE YOU: I WILL FUCKIN' **BEAT** THE TRUTH OUTTA YOU, SO HELP ME **GOD...!**







NICE
ONE, MY
SON.



STEPHEN
RUBENSTEIN,
THEN.

ONCE
MORE WITH
FEELIN'.



...SO HE WAS
HIDING ON THE MOTEL
ROOF OVER ON NINTH,
AND HE POPPED UP WHEN
I TOOK THE MASK OFF--
AND, YOU KNOW, AT THAT
POINT IT WAS STILL
OKAY...



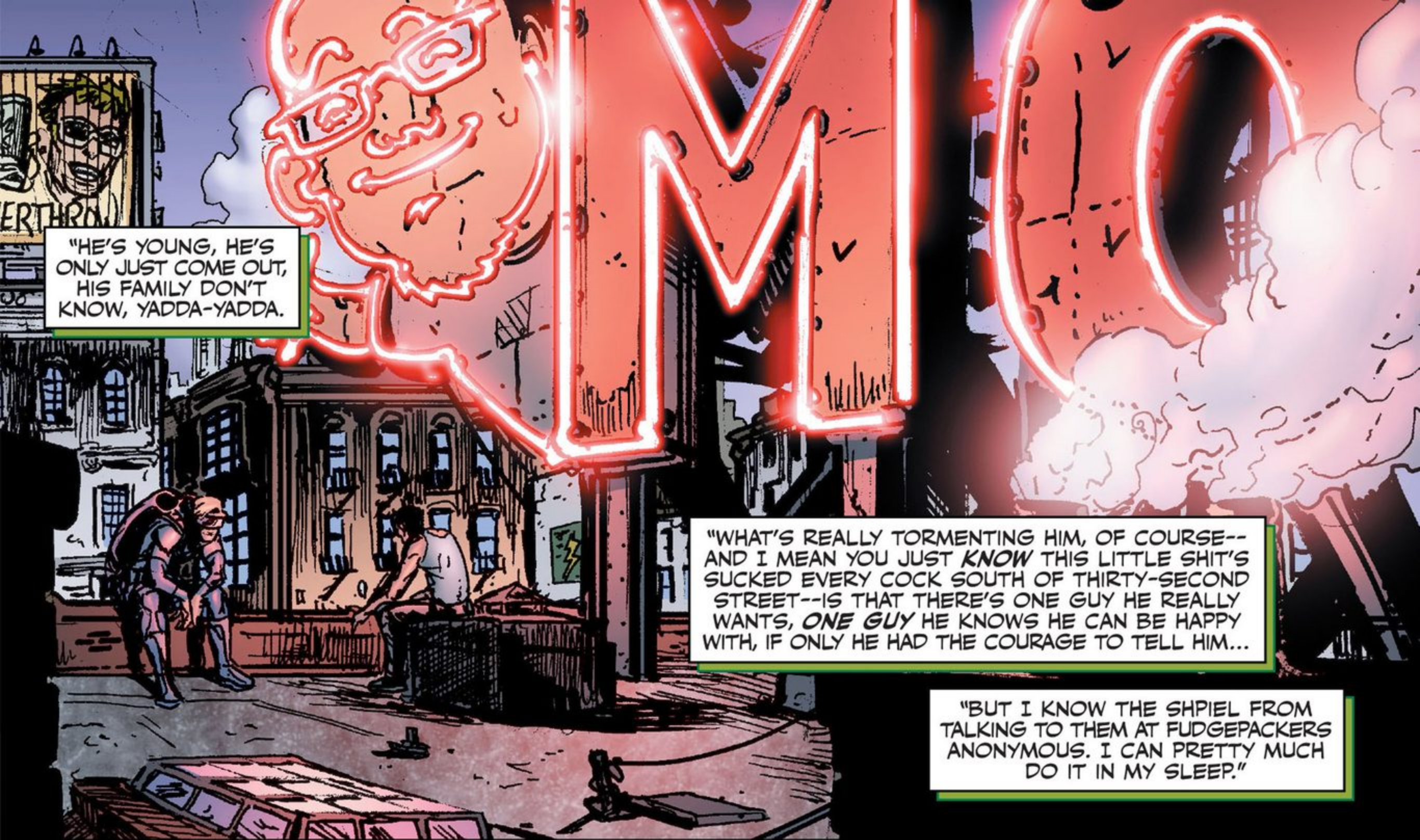
I MEAN IT
WAS ANNOYING, BUT
HE WASN'T THE FIRST TO
FIGURE OUT WHO I AM--
YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN,
YOU CHANGE BEFORE
YOU COME HOME,
BUT...ANYWAY.

SO...

SO, WE
TALKED.



AND,
SURPRISE-SURPRISE,
IT'S JUST THE SAME
OLD FUCKING HOMO
BULLSHIT.







LOOK,
IT WAS A FUCKING
ACCIDENT...I FORGOT
I WAS ON THE EDGE
OF...YOU KNOW...

HE DID WHAT
THESE CUNTS
ALWAYS DO. HE
FUCKED OFF.

FLEW
AWAY.



WHY DID IT
FREAK YOU OUT
SO MUCH? I MEAN W/'
ALL THE TIME YOU
SPEND AROUND
GAYS--

THAT'S
NOT ME, THAT'S
SWINGWING...!



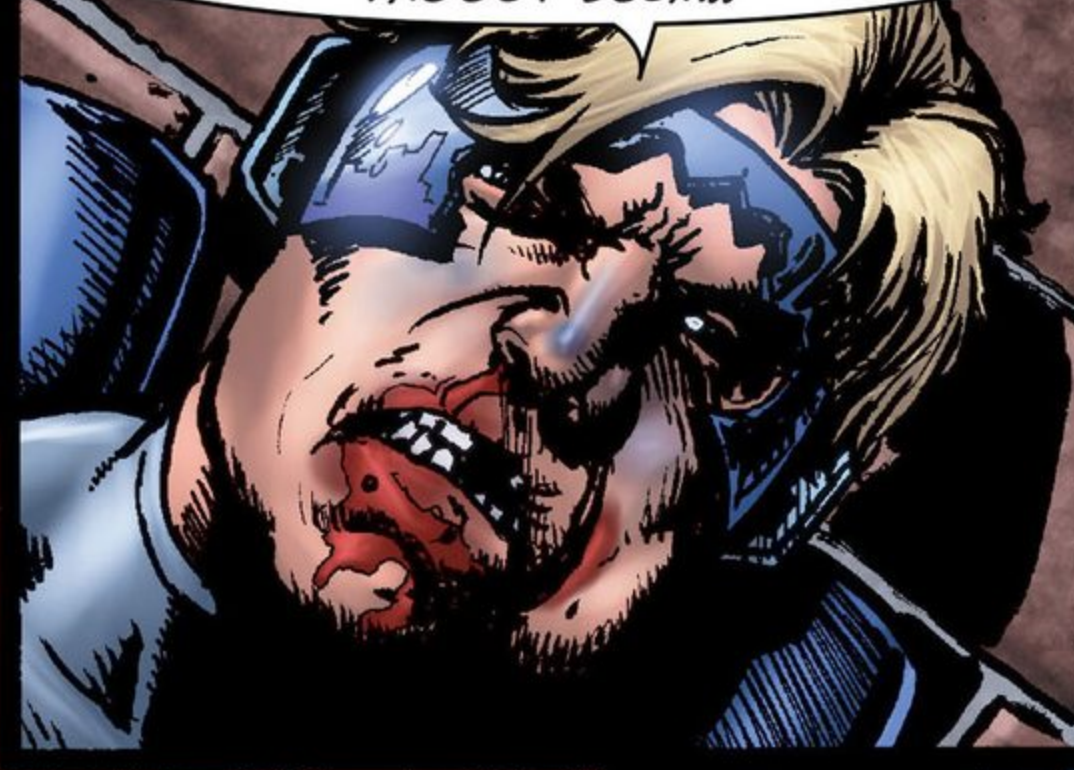
HE'S GOT
THE SUIT AND THE
MASK, AND A FUCKING
JETPACK SO HE CAN
FLY AWAY. HE'S GOT
ARMOR.

HE DOESN'T
HAVE TO TALK TO THEM
ANY LONGER THAN HE
WANTS TO. I MEAN IT'S
LIKE I TOLD YOU, IT'S
BY THE NUMBERS.
IT'S EASY.



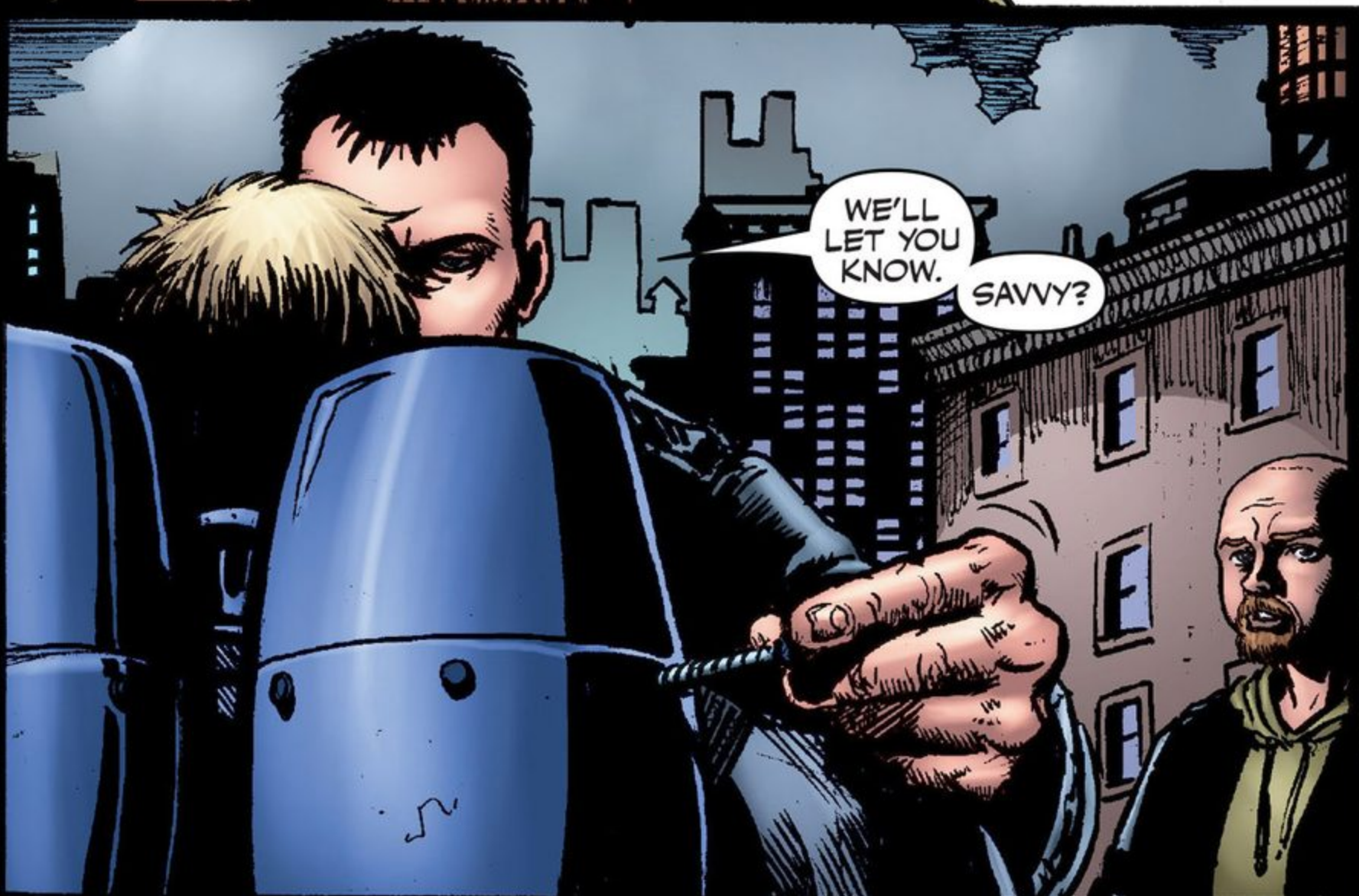
BUT...THIS LITTLE ASSHOLE...
RIGHT UP CLOSE, LIKE RIGHT IN
MY FACE, WITH THIS *TWISTED SHIT*
HE'S MANAGED TO COOK UP
INSIDE HIS HEAD...

I MEAN DO YOU THINK I *LIKE* HANGING AROUND
THOSE FUCKING COCKSUCKERS? IT'S ALL VERY WELL
FOR VOUGHT-AMERICAN, FOR THE COMIC-BOOK
PEOPLE--YOU KNOW, OH, SWINGWING'S GOING TO BE
NICE TO QUEERS. HE'S GOING TO LOOK AFTER
THAT DEMOGRAPHIC FOR US. BUT NOBODY THINKS
TO ASK SWINGWING, DO THEY? AND HE'S THE ONE
HAS TO *DO IT*--TALK TO THEM, SMILE AT THEM,
SHAKE HANDS WITH THEM, WITH *THOSE*
FILTHY FUCKING DISEASE-RIDDEN
FAGGOT SCUM!!



BLIMEY,
MATE, TELL US
HOW YOU REALLY
FEEL.

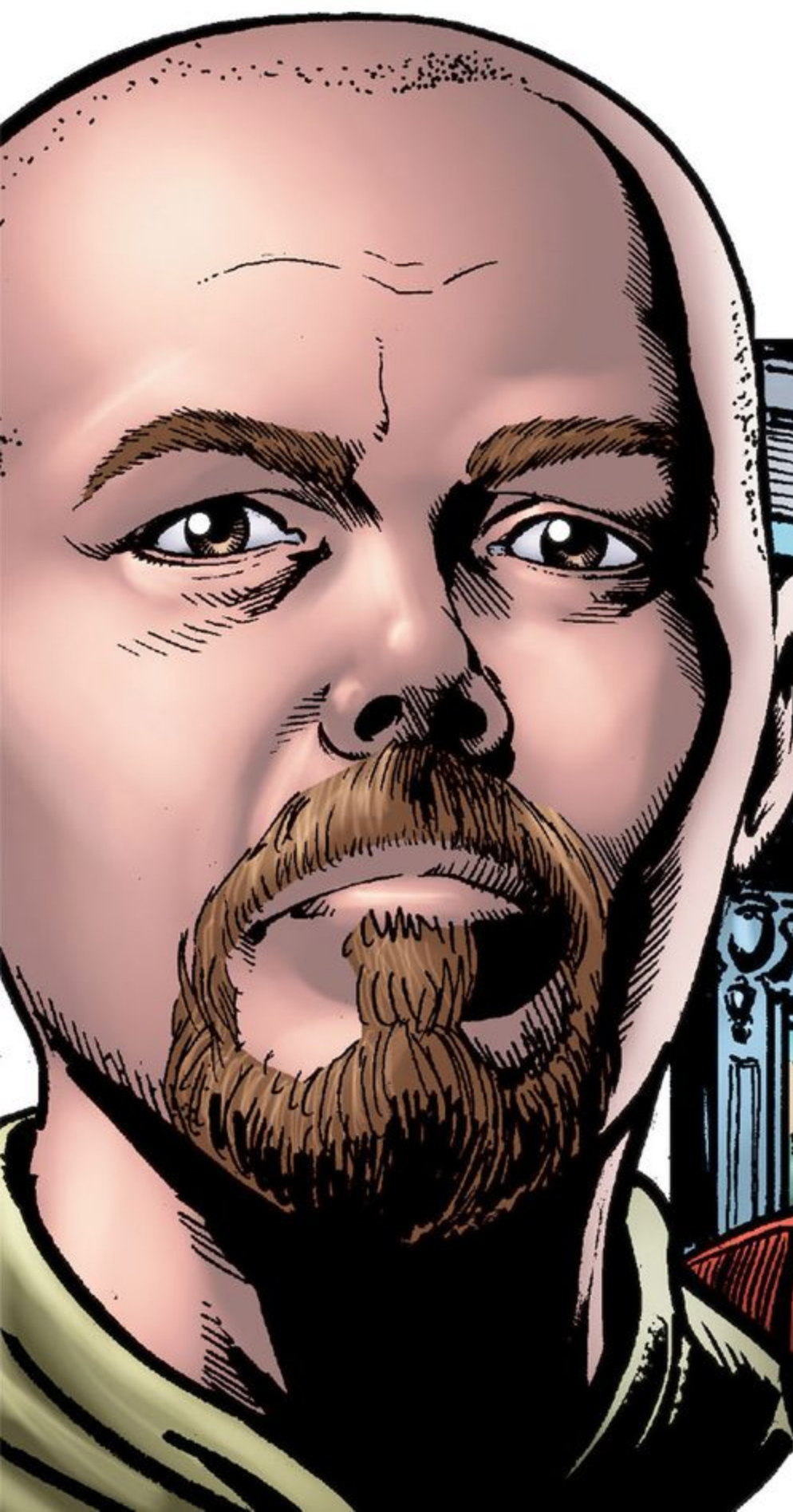
GET UP.





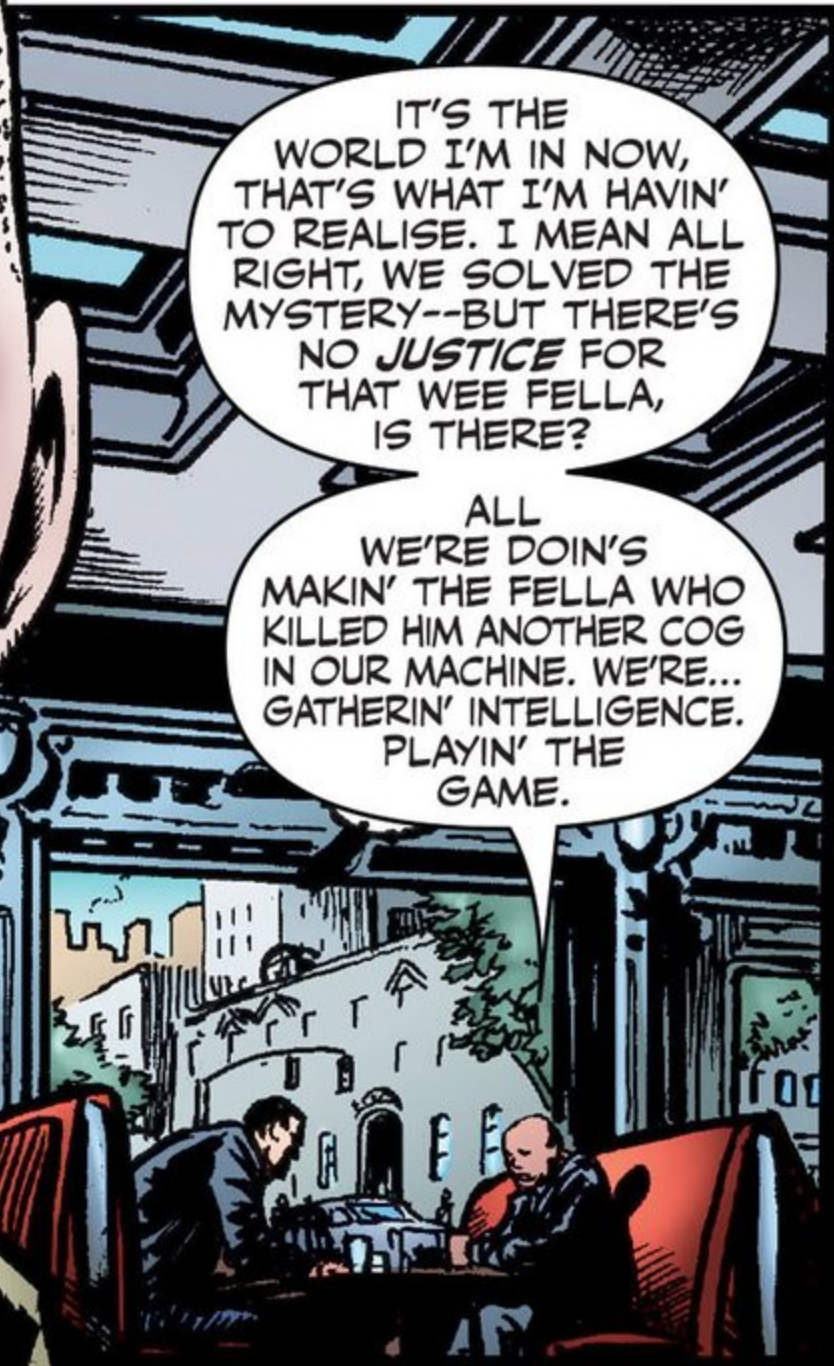
S'POSE NOT.

SURPRISED I LET THE WANKER OFF SO LIGHTLY?

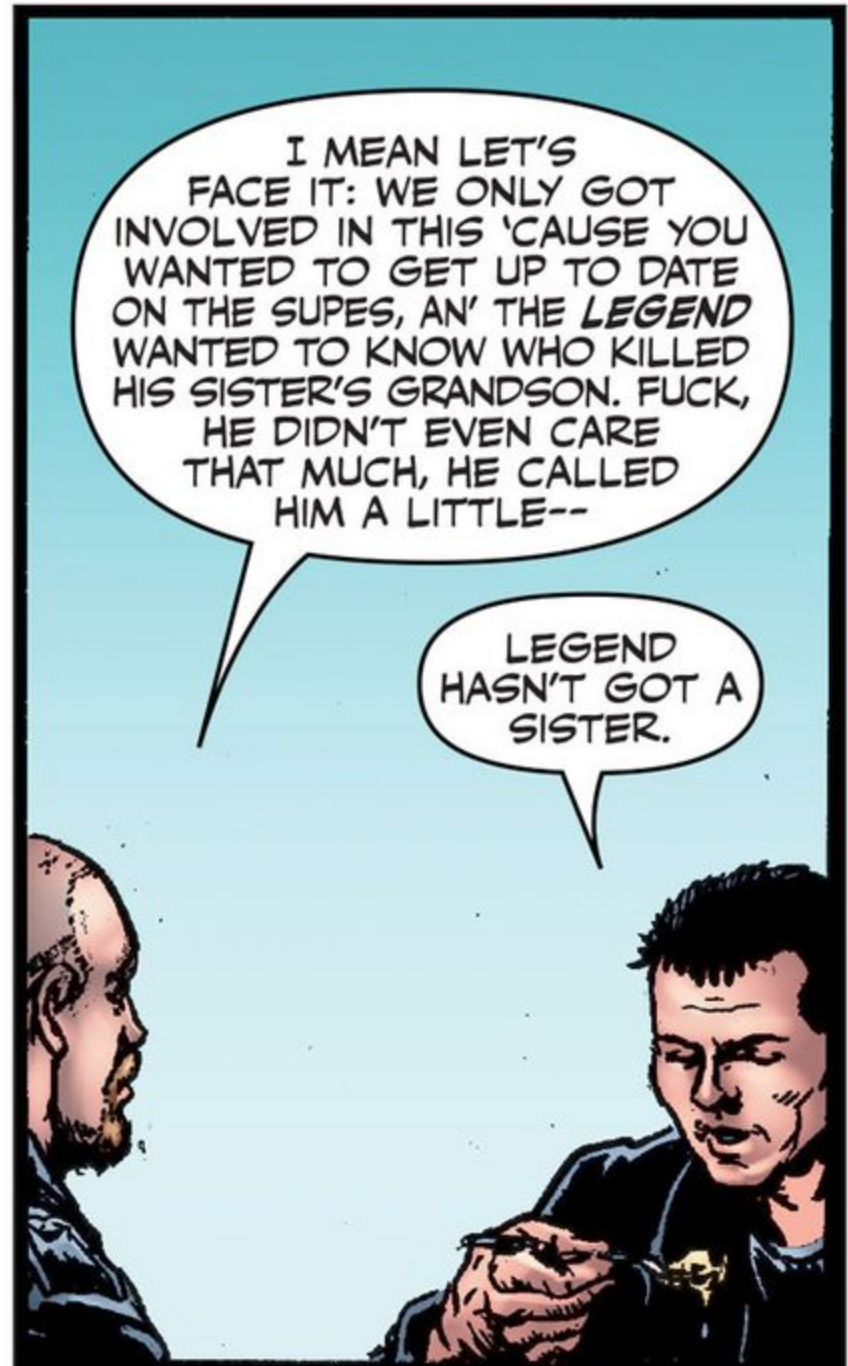


I DON'T THINK YOU DID LET HIM OFF LIGHTLY. I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE HIS LIFE A LIVIN' HELL, AN' MORE POWER TO YOU: A PART O' ME'S HOPIN' I GET TO TURN A COUPLA THE SCREWS MYSELF.

BUT...NO, I'M NOT SURPRISED. AN' THAT'S THE THING.



ALL WE'RE DOIN'S MAKIN' THE FELLA WHO KILLED HIM ANOTHER COG IN OUR MACHINE. WE'RE... GATHERIN' INTELLIGENCE. PLAYIN' THE GAME.



LEGEND HASN'T GOT A SISTER.



WHAT?

ONLY
CHILD. BROKE
THE MOLD AFTER
THEY MADE THAT
ONE, MATE.

THEN--

DUNNO.

I MEAN
MAYBE, YOU
NEVER KNOW, MAYBE
HE READ ABOUT THE
BOY GETTIN' KILLED
AN' HE HEARD THERE
WAS A POSSIBLE SUPE
ANGLE. AN' ALL HE
COULD THINK ABOUT
WAS SOME YOUNG LAD
LYIN' DEAD WITH NO
ONE TO SPEAK
FOR HIM.

MAYBE THE
LEGEND'S MORE LIKE
YOU THAN YOU THINK: BUT
HE DOESN'T WANNA ADMIT
IT, SO HE USES NASTY
WORDS TO TRY AN'
COVER IT UP.

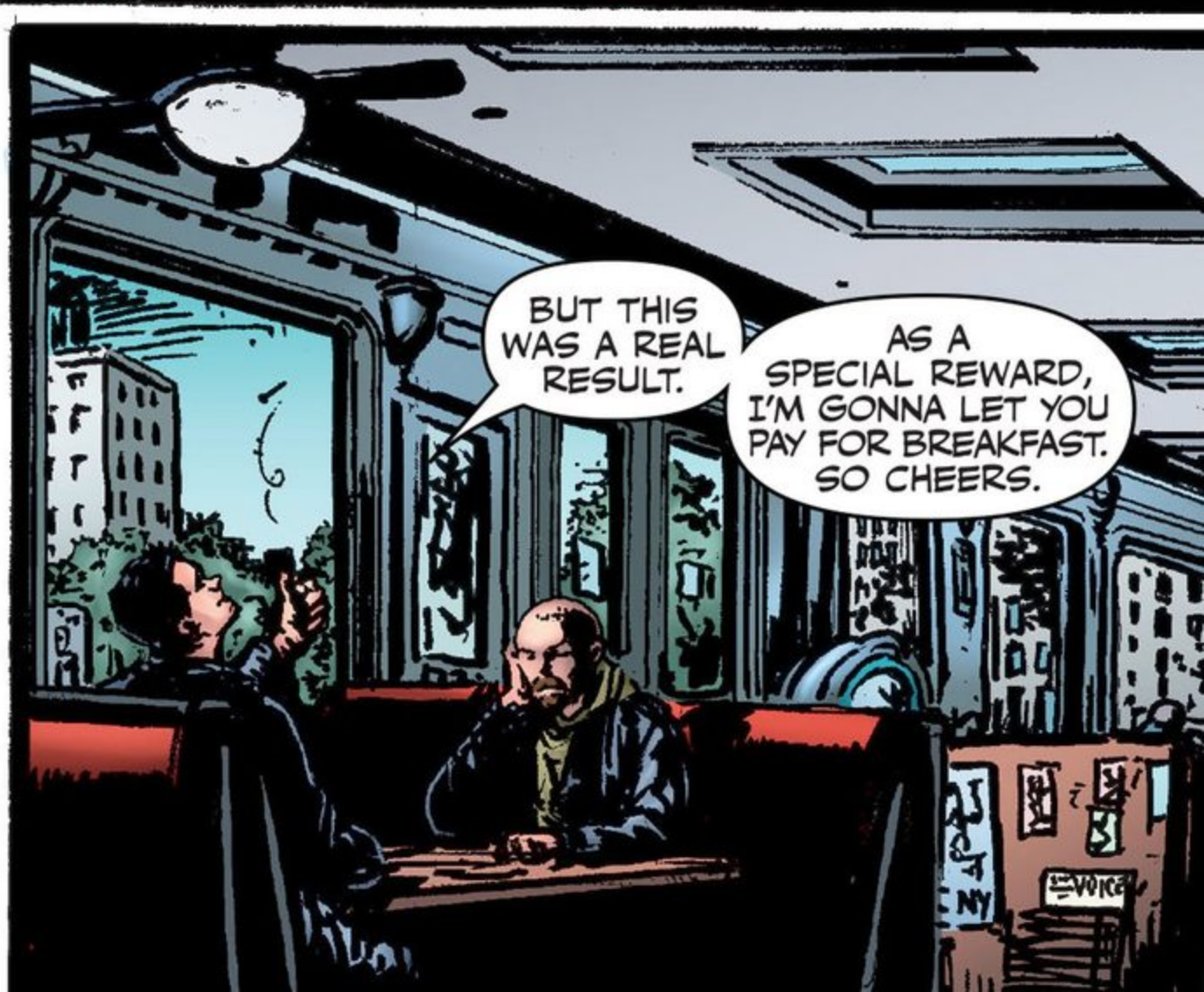
ON THE
OTHER HAND, HE
MIGHT JUST BE A
RIGHT BASTARD WHO
LIKES TORTURIN'
SUPES.

WHO
KNOWS?



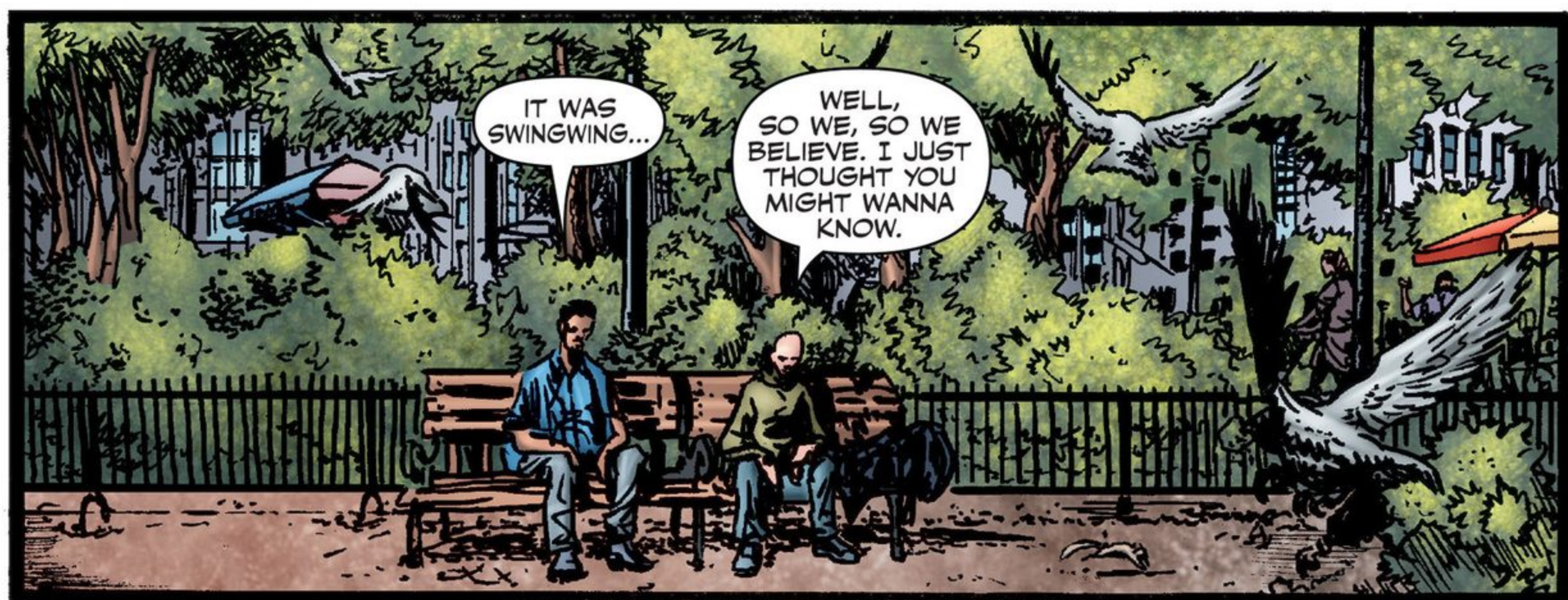
YOU DONE WELL
ON THIS ONE, HUGHIE. YOU
FOLLOWED YOUR NOSE, YOU
CAUGHT A COUPLA THINGS
I MISSED--AN' WE GOT
SOME GOOD, SOLID INTEL
ON A COUPLA PEOPLE WE
BARELY KNEW ABOUT
BEFORE.

IT MIGHT
NOT SEEM
LIKE IT NOW,
MATE--



BUT THIS
WAS A REAL
RESULT.

AS A
SPECIAL REWARD,
I'M GONNA LET YOU
PAY FOR BREAKFAST.
SO CHEERS.



IT WAS SWINGWING...

WELL, SO WE, SO WE BELIEVE. I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANNA KNOW.



BUT DIDN'T HE JUST DIE FIGHTING...WHAT WAS IT, IT WAS ON THE NEWS LAST WEEK...?

AYE...I SHOULDN'T REALLY TELL YOU THIS, BUT WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED WAS HIS JETPACK BROKE DOWN IN MID-AIR AN' HE GOT RUN OVER BY THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY. NOBODY'S REALLY SURE HOW IT HAPPENED.

THEY HAVE PEOPLE WHO COVER THIS STUFF UP FOR THEM. THE SUPERHEROES, LIKE.



SO THERE'S NO JUSTICE...

BUT AT LEAST THERE ISN'T A MYSTERY.



WELL.

THANK YOU ANYWAY, CONSTABLE CAMPBELL.

IS THAT MAX?

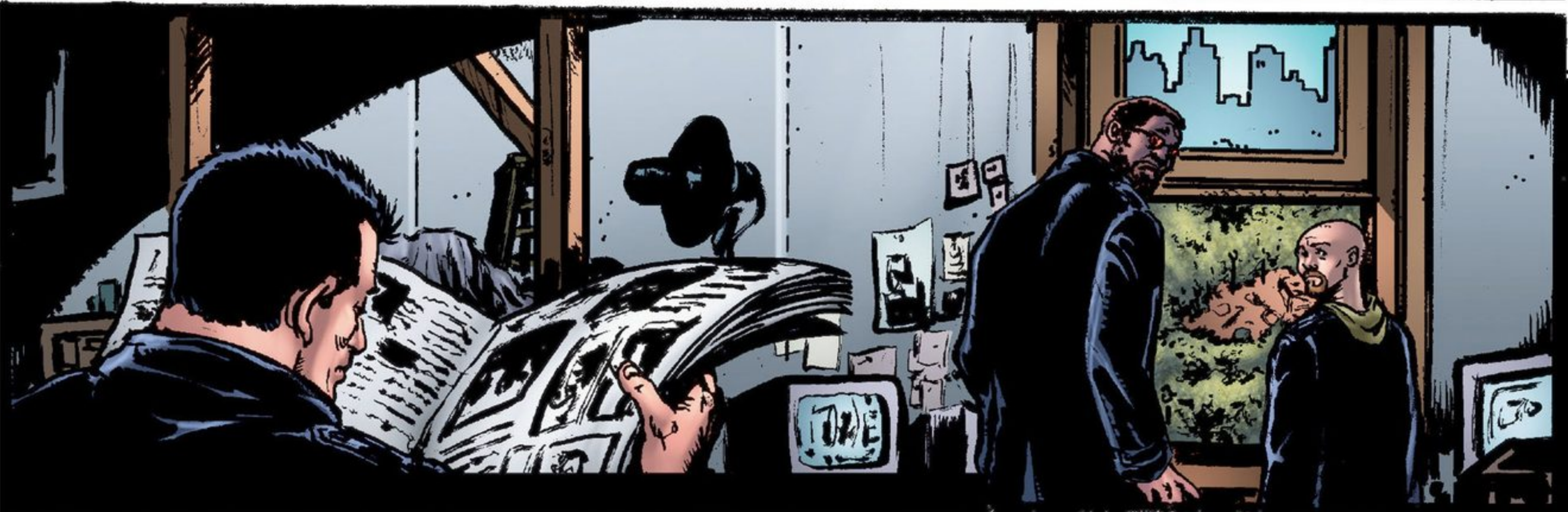
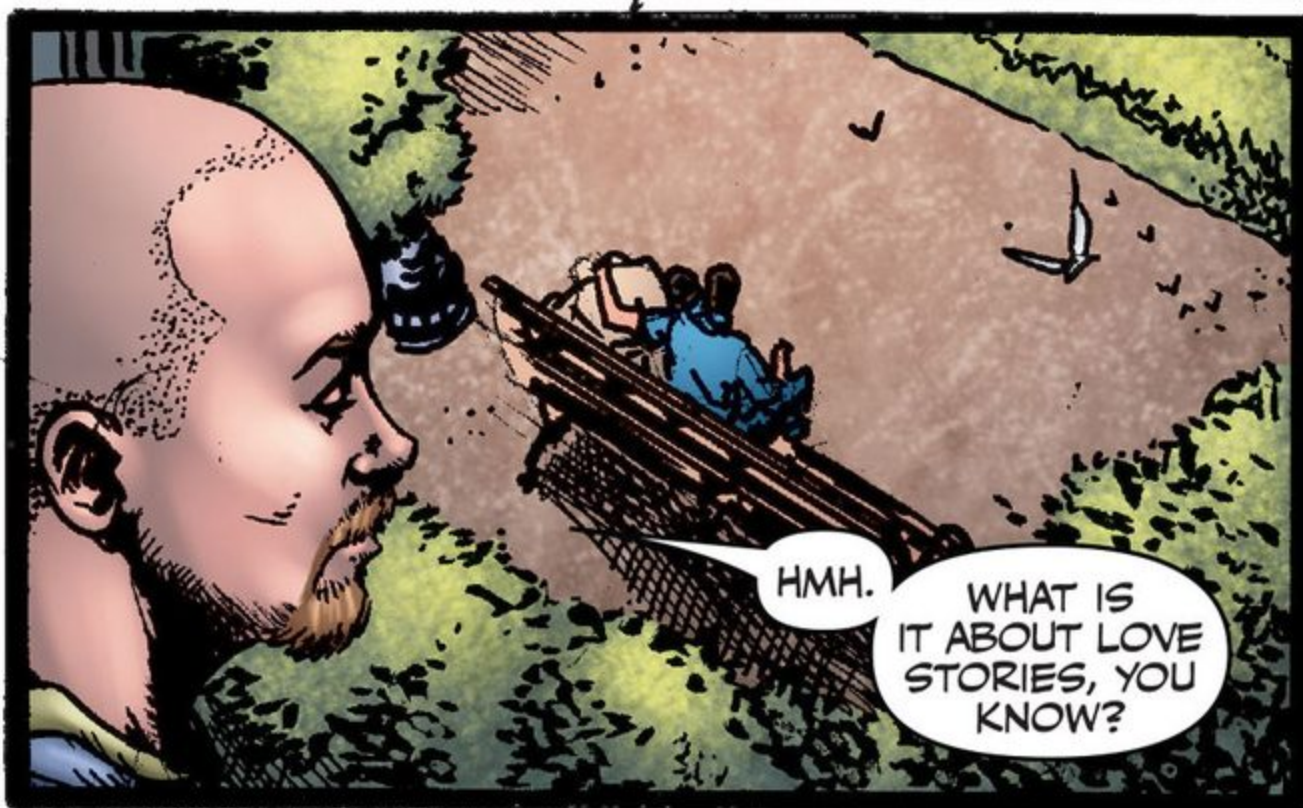
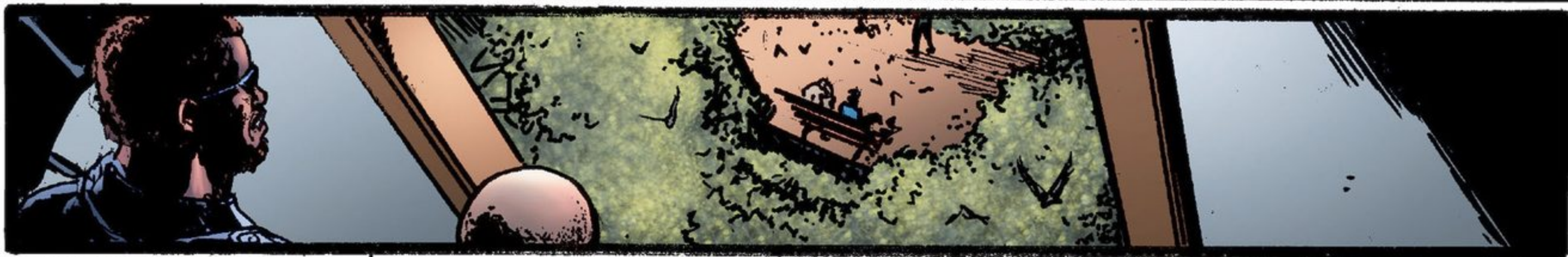


OH, CHRIST, THE FUCKING IDIOT'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME EVERYWHERE...!



HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY'VE KNOWN WHAT SWINGWING WAS REALLY LIKE, PAUL.

NOBODY COULD.





--EARTH IS
CAUGHT IN A
METEORITE
STORM--

--IMPACTS UP
AND DOWN THE EASTERN
SEABOARD, RIGHT ACROSS
THE CANADIAN
SHIELD--

--EVENTS
WITHOUT PRECEDENT IN
RECORDED--



--THESE
ARE JUST ROCKS,
THESE ARE
NOTHING!

THE
BIG ONE
IS ON ITS
WAY!!

GODDAMN
THING'S THE
SIZE OF
TEXAS--

SHUTTLE'S
READY TO GO,
BUT--

WHAT CAN IT
DO? I MEAN WHAT
THE HELL DO WE HAVE
THAT WE CAN SEND
UP THERE?

WE HAVE
DETECTED A CURIOUS
ANOMALY ON THE SURFACE,
'ROUND ABOUT HERE: A SMALL,
UH, ORIFICE LESS THAN AN
INCH IN DIAMETER, WITH WHAT
APPEARS TO BE ORGANIC
MATTER INSIDE...

MISSION CONTROL CENTER

NASA



BUT WHAT
GOOD DOES
THAT--

GENTLEMEN?

IF
IT'S GOT
A HOLE:

I CAN
FUCK IT.





HOUSTON,
I--I DON'T KNOW
IF YOU CAN HEAR ME,
I'M GETTING A LOT
OF BREAK-UP--

BUT I
CAN SEE
IT.

MY
GOD, IT'S
HUGE.

HOMING IN
ON THE ORIFICE
CO-ORDINATES NOW.
OKAY, I'VE GOT
A LOCK.

RANGE 0.8M

ARMOR MANUALLY RETRACTED,
SECTOR SEVEN FRONT

DO YOU WISH TO
DEPLOY RELIEF TUBE

TEN
SECONDS,
HOUSTON.

FIVE.

ONE.



RRRNNGGGHHHH...!



OHHH,
YEAH...

THAT'S
IT... THAT'S IT,
YOU FUCKING
SLUT--!



YEAH,
YEAH--NICE AND
TIGHT, THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE--

YOU FEEL
THAT, BITCH? YEAH,
YOU DO, I FUCKING
KNOW YOU
DO--!

THAT--
THAT HE BORE HIS
CURSE IN SILENCE
FOR SO LONG!

HE
IS A TRUE
HERO...!



OH,
YOU'RE GONNA COME,
AREN'T YOU? I FUCKED
YOU GOOD AND NOW
YOU'RE GONNA
COME!

DON'T TRY TO
HOLD BACK, BABY!
COME! YOU KNOW
YOU'RE GOING TO!
COME!

THAT
IS IT, TEK-
KNIGHT!

LAY SOME
PIPE!



OH

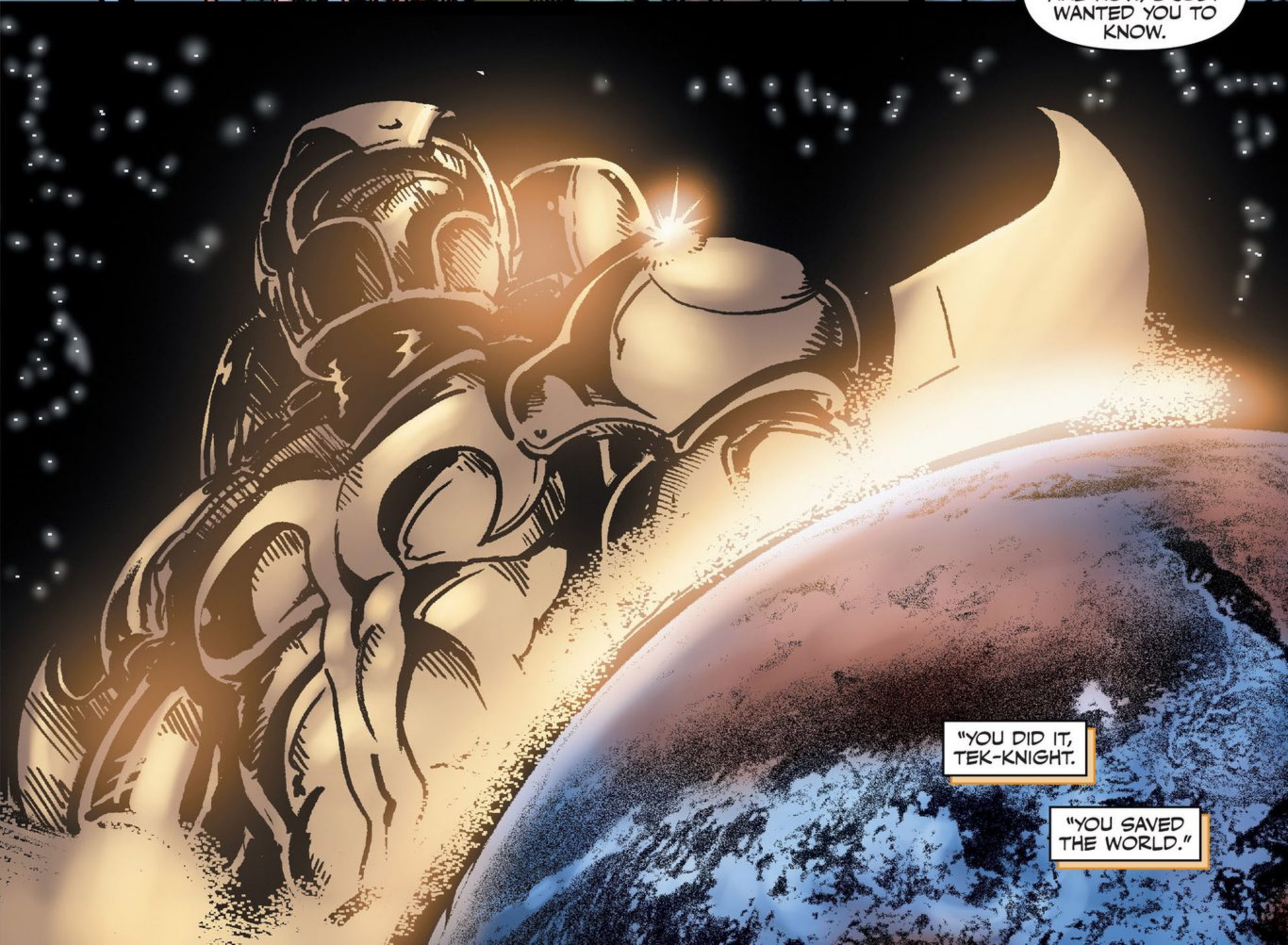
MY

GOD



TEK-KNIGHT?

I KNOW
YOU CAN'T HEAR THIS,
BUT...WHEREVER YOU
ARE NOW, I JUST
WANTED YOU TO
KNOW.



"YOU DID IT,
TEK-KNIGHT."

"YOU SAVED
THE WORLD."

...APPARENTLY
THE CORONER FOUND
A TUMOR THE SIZE OF
SOMEBODY'S *FIST* IN HIS
HEAD--I MEAN CAN YOU
IMAGINE THAT...?

WHAT, SO
THE BLOKE DROPPED
THE WHEELBARROW
ACTUALLY DID HIM
A FAVOR?

ANYWAY,
YOU BETTER GET
ON WITH LEARNING
YOUR IVAN. WE'RE
OFF TO MOSCOW
TOMORROW.



THE END